

I've Got a Theory

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>Summary: In another life, things might have been different vastly between the two of them. But not so much that their relationship would really change.<br>Disclaimer: I don't own the characters and make no money writing this.

>Warning: Partial AU, and partial canon. NOT incest. I just needed to write some HiccupSnotlout fluff. Also, this is short.

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><p><em>--<br>My personality tests came back. They're negative.

>-redrabbit.<em>

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><p>1.<p>

"It looks nice today."

Hiccup looked up from the blackboard he'd been practicing his theories on for the last six hours since that morning when the sky was still dark blue with overlying shades of purple; his eyes strayed back to the chalk tray his black cat Toothless was resting beside just long enough to aim and score with tossing his pink chalk piece in with the other pieces of obscenely different colors. He wanted to let Snotlout know that he was paying attention and continuing his work was not a good way to show that; if anything, it would annoy the giant of a gardener to no end.

The thinner and smaller brunette wiped his hands of the chalk dust on the white chef's apron he tended to wear around the office when his students were anywhere else on the weekendâ€"away from his classroom and out on the grounds lazing about with their girlfriends or studying on the stone benches that Snotlout tended to on Wednesday right after he clipped the roses on the East end of the college of Berk down to their intended three leaf configuration (\_some of the chalk dust stuck to the inside of his nails, but he ignored that\_) that always lead to his cousin getting blisters.

Snotlout pointed his finger just shy of the tall glass window pane, and smiled gently up towards the clouds that were finally clearing in the grey, rain soaked skyline; that feeling of knowing something Hiccup didn't causing a rareâ€"not maliciousâ€"smile to come upon his rough features. The smile made the scar on his chin (\_Hiccup recalled, always, how he had gotten that the \_\_\*\*first\*\*\_\_ time when he'd fallen onto the yellow rosebush outside Stoick Haddock's house when Hiccup was six and Snotlout was fiveâ€"Snotlout had been trying to lean over the side of the Haddock house to help get Hiccup down from the tree the runt had gotten stuck in while attempting to get Toothless down off a high branch as a kitten\_) widen and take on a pink-white color that seemed almost painful, but he didn't flinch.

"Later this evening I'll be able to dig those worms in the west side of the property out from the laurel sapling's rut and have perfect bait for those trout spawning at Ravens Point Lake," Snotlout continued as though the long pause had never happened, "Catch us a proper dinner that isn't takeout from Ruff and Tuff's diner."

Hiccup sighed at the thought of cutting the bones and eggs out of those trout Snotlout spoke of, but allowed a small grin to perch across his lips. It wasn't that often that Snotlout got happy about fishing ('\_That's just boring' he would always say when the two cousins were running low on food in their campus apartment and they really didn't have any other choice but for Snotlout to go fishing; the only thing Hiccup couldn't catch but could cook\_,) so there must be a reason for it if he walked in from his duties to the school to come and say something that he could have told Hiccup over the phone.

"Will we be eating these fish by ourselves or should I go shopping while you're out for a proper tablecloth and decent seasoning?"

Snotlout made the symbol for love and peace with his right hand and the grin stretched that scar on his chin until it was mostly pink, "I got us both a date for later this evening. Make sure you buy some pheasant and sparkling water at the market from Fishlegs; these are some pretty classy ladies that I convinced to go out with us."

"Could I ask who they are, Mister Big Man?" Hiccup sighed while simultaneously trying not to laugh. If he laughed with the door to his classroom open, it was a practical invitation for a nosy student to wander in and ask what was so humorous, or it would alert Snotlout's Mastiff/Greyhound mix that, yes, Hiccup was on the grounds and maybe Hookfang could finagle a biscuit out of the teacher's pocket.

"Well, one's blonde and we've known her since she pushed you in the lake when she was five," Snotlout illuminated, breathing on the window pane and drawing a stick figure girl with a skirt, a bandana and a baseball bat (\_well, Hiccup assumed it was a bat, but it could have been a club for all he knew\_) that curved wide because Snotlout's thumb brushed inwards too hard on the steam and the glass, "And the other is a wonderfully green eyed lady of a land that is not a tiny island that snows nine months of the year and hails the other three. Ring any bells?"

Astrid and Heather. How Snotlout had managed to get a pair of girls like that to go out with a fishbone and a bonehead was beyond him, but he allowed his eyebrows to raise a fraction as he asked, "No shit?"

"No shit," Snotlout almost bellowed, fist bumping in the air like he was a teenager instead of a twenty-five year old gardener.

Toothless blinked awake and then glared over at the cousins, ears picking up the subtle clatter of Hookfang tromping through the halls while the cousin of his master started in on how he brilliantly convinced two girls way out of the boys' league to have dinner with them.

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><p>2.<p>

"â€|She's got to be scamming you."

Snotlout glared down at his cousin as he continued to shuffle across Hookfang's belly; the dragon had been needing a bath for a while but seemed too amused by the act of Snotlout bathing him with a rag and crushed herbs to bother just crashing down into the seawater surrounding Berk. The Monstrous Nightmare just lay on his back as his rider continued talking and cleaning his scaled belly at the same time. Toothless might be looking at him funny, but it didn't matter; Hookfang enjoyed this, so the Night Fury could take his superiority and condescending attitude and toss it in the same direction his missing tailfin was residing.

"I get you and me a date with the prettiest girls in the world and that's your answer?"

Hiccup nodded and rolled his eyes, continued cleaning Toothless's head with his own cloth and bucket of herb infused water; the black dragon taking a more dignified approach in just sitting on all fours and purring when the cloth touched down on a nice and sensitive location on his neck or behind his ears.

"I'm realistic, what other answer should I give? Should I have said 'Hey, you're brilliant because somehow \_the most beautiful girls in the world\_ said \_\*\*yes\*\*\_ to having dinner with \*\*us\*\*'?"

"Well, anything sounds impossible with \_that\_ much sarcasm."

End  
file.